The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.
Man. Why should wee in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modse our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her holsome hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fal of leafe:
The weedes that his broade spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull King.
Oh what pittie it is that he had not so trimde
And dreste his land as wee this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being ouer-proud with sappe and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might haue hude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the king shall be deposed?
Gard. Depresst he is already, and deposde
'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorks
That tell black tydings.
Queen Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,

Howe

How dares thy harsh rude tong sound this vnpleasing news?
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fal of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?
Darst thou thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? say, where, when and how
Camst thou by this il tidings? speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie holde
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde,
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are al the English peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe;
Post you to London, and you wil find it so,
I speake no more then euery one doth know.
Queene Nimble Mischance that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my brest: come Ladies goe
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadde looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling mee these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow
Gard. Poore Queen so that thy state might
I would my skil were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a banke of Rew sowre hearbe of grace:
Rew euen for ruth here shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene.
Bull. Call forth Bagot;
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou doest know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who perforinde